

## Vote For the Bonds

**T**UESDAY, August 27, a special election will be held to pass upon a county bond issue of \$150,000 for road purposes. The chief purpose of this issue is to extend the main lower valley road or Old Military road beyond Fabens to Fort Hancock and the eastern bounds of El Paso county. If any money remains after this is done, it will be spent in improving the existing system of roads up and down the valley. But probably the entire proceeds of the bond issue will be needed for the main eastern extension.

It is true that at present the lands in the east end of the county beyond Fabens do not contribute much to the county tax budget. The bulk of the cost of the proposed bond issue must necessarily be paid by El Paso city, and the railroads. But it will be a wise investment. There is no use lamenting the lack of development in the eastern part of the county, as long as we continue to isolate it as completely as if there were a vast unbridged gulf separating us.

We deliberately isolate those sections, by refusing to build roads to serve them. If a municipality were to adopt with reference to its own development, such a narrow policy as we have pursued with reference to outlying road work in the county, we should never expand, but only crowd, in greater and greater congestion, about a center where transportation facilities could be had. It is transportation that expands and develops a city, and the same principles exactly apply to the county and the state.

Good roads, like a healthy heart and circulation in the human body, are the basis of all living functions in any section. If the roads are good, then development is rapid, settlers come in, investments are made, improvements proceed constantly, water is found and utilized, valuable crops are produced, the markets are made accessible, exchange of products is made easy, and the consumer in the city benefits by the new competition. After a while, thriving communities spring up, and then the railroads begin to take notice, better traffic facilities are provided, and through that normal cooperation of effort that is born of competition but becomes stronger than the spirit of competition, the new settlements become towns of some wealth and importance, producing more than they consume, and contributing their own fair share to the general funds for progressive development on a larger scale.

This cycle must start somewhere; it starts with the building of good roads. The old way was to wait until communities developed, and then build the roads and railroads. The new way is to build roads and railroads and create the new communities as a definite result of the improved transportation. H. E. Huntington has the greatest interurban electric system in the west, around Los Angeles. For many years he has pursued the same policy, of never building a new electric line until substantially the same route had first been covered by a first class paved county road. He has seen enough to know that the general improvement of transportation facilities works for the good of all, and makes for the general profit and welfare. He has often said that he did not purpose to do all the development work; he thought it only fair that the public should participate in the first costs. So he has followed the paved roads with his railroads, and has given rapid transit in sections where decent means of communication had already been provided. The road and the railroad cannot take the place of each other. Both are necessary, but the good roads are more necessary than the electric lines, especially in the first stages of development.

The county of El Paso has a very small bonded debt. The county can well afford to carry the cost of this small bond issue. The benefits of the new road will be general, tending to promote the utilizing of the land resources of this county as nothing else could. Indirectly now, and directly with future growth, the city of El Paso and the railroads will derive the greatest part of the benefits. The bonds should be voted; for when we quit growing we die.

## Auditors O. K. School Board's Books

**M**OST GRATIFYING to every citizen must be the result of the general audit of the books of the public schools. The final report of the auditors, who were experts from another city wholly disinterested in local affairs, shows that the books of the school trustees are in excellent shape, and present a true financial record of the actual conditions. The auditor strongly commends F. E. Sawyer, the accountant and purchasing agent of the board, for the capable and economical way in which he had administered his department, and for his intimate knowledge of the details of school business management.

The auditors make many recommendations for improvements in the accounting and disbursing systems, with a view to holding a closer check over the multiple details involved in handling the outlay of \$200,000 or more per year. Frequent and full reports will be made to the board and to the public, and there will be regular and frequent checking up with the city treasurer so that there will be a more accurate knowledge of the exact financial condition of the schools on any one date than has been possible heretofore without considerable effort.

The work having now been done, covering one year, and the system brought into line with modern practice, it will be possible, at comparatively small expense, to repeat the audit each year. This should by all means be done, first for the benefit of the school trustees, to enable them the better to discharge their duties, and second for the information of the taxpayers.

With such a good financial record of trusteeship, as certified to by the official auditors, the school board should have no difficulty in securing public support in future for its progressive policies with reference to a modern high school and other necessary additions to school facilities.

## Interstate Liquor Shipments

**I**N THE United States senate the judiciary committee favorably reports a bill to prevent the shipment of liquor into prohibition states. Without doubt, this measure, if enacted into law and found constitutional, would go far to make prohibition in the states effectual whereas now it is largely a farce.

There is not much fooling with the United States government in matters of the revenue or interstate commerce. If such a law were enacted it would certainly be enforced. It would pretty nearly break up the liquor traffic in prohibition states. To be consistent it would have to extend also to foreign countries.

Whether it be wise to attempt prohibition of the traffic without also prohibiting the manufacture and sale is still a matter of debate. But it is certain that without the trade of the states and districts already "dry" under local laws, the liquor manufacturers would be in very hard straits.

In case such a law were passed by congress, it would still become necessary for each local option state to enact and strictly enforce a law prohibiting shipment of liquors from wet into dry territory within the state. Of course no serious effort is made nowadays to accomplish this, but the failure is partly if not principally due to inability to control interstate shipments. It is not likely that congress will enact the law at this time.

Fort Bliss and country club visitors have the satisfaction of knowing that after while the going will be good, but just at present, with the roads torn up for rebuilding, it is almost as hard as a trip to the north pole to get to either place. Some of the drivers are wondering if Judge Elyar couldn't fix it so they could drive alongside the new road work and eliminate the almost impossible pull through the sand.

## UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

## Smiles

By Walt Mason.

**I**F YOU go around the world with countenance nicely curled up into a pleasant smile, the people you meet will say, as you waddle along your way, that you are a man worth while. I don't mean a silly grin; that sort of a thing will win no praise as it loops the loops; for there are a dozen styles (the same as in hats) of smiles, and some aren't worth three whoops. The kind of a smile I mean is the smile that is daily seen on the face of the cheerful gent who regulates things so well that honor and comfort dwell for aye in his moving tent. He works like a brindle steed, serenely, year after year, as gay as your marriage bells; and when it is time to play he utters a loud "hooray!" and kicks up his heels along; and down in the banker's vaults some guileless each week he salts, and life is a good sweet song. He mixes in no fools' strife, but sanely he lives his life, contented and calm; he helps people in a plight, and treats all his neighbors good as gold, extending from ear to ear; and you'll never wear that grin unless you at once begin a useful and sane career.

## The Laying of the Past

(By Paul Trent.)

**I**t was the third time that the two men had made the same seat on the embankment their resting place for the night.

"I'm wondering what'll be like when the cold weather comes."

"Sufficient unto the day," Philbank laughed harshly.

It was weakness and not vice that had brought him to this state of affairs. South Africa he had fought bravely, and returned to England with the brightest prospects. But a woman had crossed his path—a woman with the devil's beauty that had made him forget everything save his desire. Career and duty sacrificed to her altar—money had been thrown away—and then she had coldly dismissed him. The descent had been rapid, and now for months he had been existing—from hand to mouth—and for the last few days, homeless and half-starved.

"I wish to God they'd give me another chance," the younger suddenly said.

Philbank looked at him suspiciously, and seemed about to speak, then hesitated, and finally remained silent.

"Couldn't you make good—with another chance?" he asked at last.

"Then you shall have one. Wait a moment."

Philbank hailed a passing policeman. "Officer, can you oblige me with a piece of paper and a pencil?" he asked.

The constable put his hand in his pocket and produced a piece of paper and a pencil. Philbank wrote rapidly, and handed back the pencil with thanks.

"Take this to the mayor and ask for Colonel Strathmore. But I want your word that you won't say where you have seen me," Philbank said, roughly, to the other. "Good luck to you."

"Thanks, and—"

"Cut along!"

Philbank watched him cross to the other side of the embankment.

"I believe I can do it—now," he muttered, and drew near to the parapet. For a moment his muscles were taut, and then his body relaxed.

"I haven't got the pluck," he said with a groan, and he desisted himself the more for his cowardice.

He was about to turn away when a shrill cry could be heard some thirty

## The Herald's Daily

Short Story

yards off and a crowd quickly gathered, all eyes peering eagerly towards the spot. He hurried along and asked what had happened.

"A woman has jumped over," someone called out.

Philbank threw off his coat and dove towards a dark object which could just be seen. He swam strongly but as he reached the shore he was seized by a man who held him by the throat.

"Let me die!" he cried, and when he continued to fight, he raised his fist and struck her sharply on the temple.

Then her struggles ceased, and he commenced to tow her slowly towards the embankment. Her clothes became saturated, and but now he was weaker, told at last, and his strength wavered, until his arms barely moved.

"I'm done," he gasped, and his senses were vanishing when a dark body loomed over them, and voices sounded in his ears.

When Philbank recovered consciousness he was lying in a bed with clean sheets, the touch of silk on his skin. "Where am I?" he asked feverishly.

And kindly blue eyes looked down at him.

"Strathmore," he gasped.

"You mustn't talk, old man. Go to sleep," was the gentle answer.

A couple of days later he was seated on the balcony and his eyes were well dressed, and his stomach was no longer empty. Beside him was Colonel Strathmore.

"You are sure you are strong enough to go to the inquest?" the Colonel asked, anxiously.

"Quite sure. And so the poor devil is dead. Well, she wanted to die."

An hour later Philbank entered the room of the woman whose life he had struggled to save.

"My God," he cried, and his voice was filled with horror. It was the woman who had ruined his life. He touched her hand and trembled at its chill.

And the sky, and the fields of clouds, and on her forehead was a bruise. Slowly he bent his head, and his lips touched the discolored skin; the memory of her kisses overwhelmed him.

And then he went out to face the world.

## EYES THAT SEE NOT

By WINIFRED BLACK.

**T**HE other day I went to the mountain top.

It was a fair day in the valley, a day exceeding bright. All along the way the red indian paint brushes stood like funny little patarans, put there long ago to show gypsy feet the road to the summit. And beside them flowered the tall blue lunt and the bright yellow mountain furze, and as we went higher, through the shining haze, into the region of the twisted cedars, past the quivering aspen groves, up, up, beyond the line of the alpine, the blue forget-me-nots carpeted the upland meadows like great rugs of priceless value. And the sky, as the eyes of a newborn baby, blue as sapphires, looked down on a June day in California, blue as forget-me-nots.

And a little girl came among them and gathered bouquets to help pay for her living there in the hills where she hoped to find strength. And we all bought the bouquets and smiled into the shy eyes of the delicate child, and asked her what she called the dog who was her sturdy companion.

And some of us thought of healthy children down our own paths, home, and some, I think, remembered children who had tried to live too, and some, I think, remembered children who had tried to live too, and some, I think, remembered children who had tried to live too.

Up we went, up and up to the top of the world, and there we saw the glory of the skies.

Blue, blue, blue that day, as blue as the forget-me-nots, and far, far below us floated great fleets of snow-white clouds like heaped drifts of a strange and silent sea. And some of us could not speak, and some sighed, and some, I know, were very, very glad at the great beauty of it all.

And one stood beside me and sniffed, and said, "I don't see anything much here, do you?"

"Not a thing," said I, and she told me the woman who had a great, fake, and she wished she had stayed at home.

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POLITICAL PARTIES SPEND MILLIONS  
IN EVERY PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

In 1864 \$100,000 Covered the Entire Expense of Lincoln's Election—Blaine Spent More Than Any Other Candidate.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 14.—

The campaign funds of the political parties in the United States in the first century of independence were not noted for their size in the earlier days of the Republic.

Money was not used very freely in influencing voters. What could not be done at rallies and barbecues, with an accompaniment of good "tides" was largely left undone. Leonard Sweet declared that it did not cost over \$100 to secure the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency in 1860, and that \$100,000 financed an entire campaign in 1864.

There was a gradual increase in the size of the war chests of political parties of the country thereafter until 1876, but they were not large enough to arouse much interest in them or for them to leave their impress upon the records of American history.

Tilden's Campaign Expense.

When 1876 came the Democratic candidate was Samuel J. Tilden, a born organizer. It always takes money to secure a thorough organization, even when none of it is illegitimately used.

As a matter of fact, no living money at hand. A conservative writer has estimated that the two parties spent some \$500,000, and that the majority of this came from the Democratic war chest.

In that campaign Senator Charles F. Johnson, who was the chairman of the Democratic national committee, and Zachary Chandler of Michigan, was chairman of the Republican national committee.

It was the first campaign in the history of the country when political strategy became a matter of fact, no living money at hand.

When the election returns began to come in it appeared that Tilden was leading. He had conceded the election of his opponent, Chairman Chandler had shut out the Democratic leaders from the home, admitting defeat. The New York Times, regarded as the Hayes organ, had declared for Hayes.

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## Abe Martin



Th' poor horse is full o' distinguished lookin' people. This is gonn' to be an off year in politics for fellers with plaid clothes an' three chins.

is about \$25; that is, if there is no contest over the matter."

Superintendent Greig, of the El Paso Northern, said this morning: "We have just approved of the plans for the new club house for Alamogordo, and if everything turns out this winter as we calculate at present we will have one of the largest number of health seekers at our resort that has ever been brought to our city."

Another miraculous escape was made this morning by a woman and two children who were riding in a buggy down Main avenue. After going down that street the wheel on a Mexican's wagon came in contact with a telegraph pole, and the horse hung up until the owner came and backed the wagon away from the post. The horse hitched to the buggy was frightened by the unusual sight and ran away. He was stopped before any damage resulted.

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